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from the Editor.

THULE OR THULÈ.

A PASSAGE AT ARMS IN RHYME.

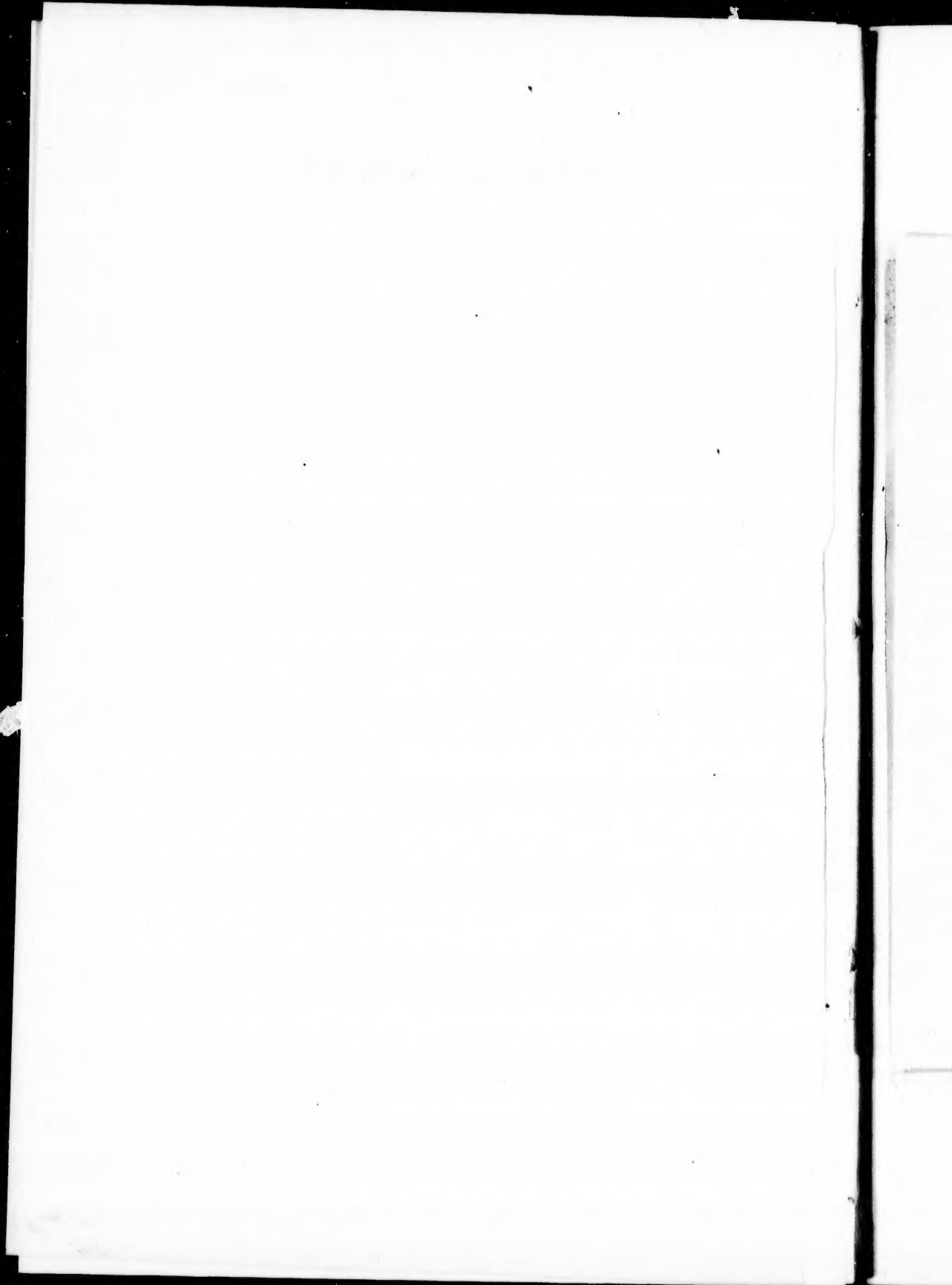
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

BRITANNIA.

May farthest Thule obey thee.
Tibi serviat ultima Thulè.

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THULE OR THULÈ.

W. O. H. 1892

On a busy shore, where
"Shule, shule, agra," is their wailing cry.
Whiskey and sorrow may make them unruly,
But never, oh never, will make them say Shulò !

of and contributor to a mag-
ificent little Epic on her
name - of which I send you
a copy - which I hope will
interest you more especially
as your old friend Mr. Hilden
has a hand in it. - There are
in all 6 contributors - 2
from Ottawa - 2 from Mon-
tréal and 2 from Dublin.
- It is private of course
only for friends who have
vs enough to understand it
- It was written as printed
by the several contributors -
being only the previous ^{each} portion
which he had to answer -
as corrections allowed. I think
Mr. Hilden says (said). Very truly yours
Wm. Mitchell

THULE OR THULÈ.

H. of Commons
2 Jan 1876.

Dear Mr. Theoburn,
as a Classic you
must be interested in the
true pronunciation of
Classic names - but I do
not know whether you
have read novels and
have become acquainted
with the Principles of Thule.
If not - do - you will cer-
tainly like them. I should
like position of Editor
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W. H. W. H. W. H.

Whiskey and sorrow may make them unruly,
But never, oh never, will make them say Shulò!



THULE OR THULÈ.

(A PASSAGE AT ARMS IN RHYME.)

THE ARGUMENT.

G. W. W. mentions in the course of conversation "Princess of Thulè." A lady whose excellent impersonation of the character at the Great Ball, entitles her to be designated as Britannia, thinks it should be "Thule, a place in Scotland." G. W. W. very respectfully begs leave to differ. W. H. G. takes up his lance for Britannia and becomes her Knight. G. W. W. fights in his own defence and right. Each Knight mounts his Pegasus and carries his lance.

————:O:————

First Trumpet sounds a Point of War.

If any man respects his school, he
Certainly will call it Thulè ;—
But if he owns Britannia's rule,
Why then perhaps he'll call it Thule.

x W.H.G. v G.W.W.

Second Trumpet answers.

When Irish Celts follow the funeral car,
Their grief finds expression in shule, shule, agrah !
Oh Patsy ohone ! and why did you die ?
" Shule, shule, agrah," is their wailing cry.
Whiskey and sorrow may make them unruly,
But never, oh never, will make them say Shulè !

Now Thule may, I think have a Celtic affinity,
And escape from the rules of your worship's latinity ;
So if I should bow to Britannia's decision,
I may very well be on the side of precision ;
If her trident won't serve her to govern a word,
Why as to the waves, it would be quite absurd.

x *offera*

First Trumpet sounds again.

Though Britannia's command of the waves may be great,
It is very well known that she don't rule them straight ;
And her feminine subjects too often complain,
That she puts them to somewhat unwarranted pain ;
So now,—with a semi-barbarian Celt
Who won't let their names be pronounced as they're spelt,
She conspires many amiable ladies to tease,
And by cruel curtailment deprive them of *E'e's*.
And Thisbe and Hebe and Phœbe protest
That the thought of her tyranny robs them of rest ;
And Niobe vows, with abundance of tears,
That Lethe can't make her forget it for years :
They deny that you give any reason for that
Which you say,—tho' they own your authority's—*Pat.*

x *Ulu*

Second Trumpet replies.

Second Knight loquitur—pro Britannia.

It tries my patience sorely, to find that all this fuss is
Made on behalf of a pack of Pagan huzzies,
Who, you tell me are given up to tears and affliction,
Because, forsooth, to suit them I won't mend my diction.—
Your Hebes and Thisbes seem their *Ees* to fondly prize !
They spelt them with an Eta (H), or the ancients have told lies.
Then my waves are not straight !—If I ruled not as I do,
Pray, my brave Britons,—what would become of you ?
Your seas for protection would not be worth their *salt*,
If my ways of ruling did not cause your foes to halt.
But now I'll say no more than just to let you know,
That when you speak of Thulè I shall still cry, No ! No !...
Things must have come to a pretty pass, truly,
Before I consent to call Christmas Yuley !...

x

First Trumpet sounds again a classic flourish.

First Knight loquitur.

You've your Dictionary makers, giving words the sounds most fit,
Prove me wrong by any one of them and then I'll own I'm hit :
Bring out your big "Imperial" and I'll abide by *that* :
But I'll be—— well, say "tridented" before I bow to *Pat*.

Second Trumpet sounds again, a Celtic flourish.

Second Knight loquitur.

When the Greeks to that Isle in the Hebrides came,
Of course they inquired of a native its name ;
And the native of native intelligence full
As certainly answering by telling them "Thul ;"
But as this was a name that no Grecians would speak,
They added an Eta, and so made it Greek.

And thus I have proved in my logical verse,
That "Thul" is the right name in orthodox Erse,
(Tho' the Greeks and the Romans dealt with it unduly,
And by adding a letter transformed it to Thulè ;)
And Britannia's not wrong when she followeth Pat, in
His pronunciation tho' not Greek or Latin.

First Knight challenges in heroic verse—

I burn to meet thee on the Imperial field,
And throw my gauntlet down, and touch thy shield.

*They run a course without serious damage to either : and a Queen
of Beauty is appointed to Crown the victor : The Lists remaining open—*

A Pundit appears on the field.

*An aged Pundit passing by
And seeing Knights thus valiantly
Engaged in Arms, did thus discourse :*

Such a Pundit as I am can see very clear
That to rightly pronounce the queer word we have here,
To the Court of Analogy appeal must be made,
And judgment when given be strictly obeyed.

This word I hear vaunted, by one gallant Knight,
Of Hellenic descent is ;—wherein he is right :
But his classic complaisance I e'en must disturb,
By stating I know of a savory Herb
That grows in his garden, wherein he may smell it,
And then, if he pleases, may afterwards spell it.
This herb it is *Thyme*, of good Grecian descent,
Just as good as is that now in hot argument :—
But by *lisping* its *h*, who is there would dare
To smirch the good name of this *verbum* so fair ?
And so it is seen, by analogy's law,
That the *h* in the word for which these Knights draw,
Full silent should be, never breathing a breath,
But passing a life of dumbness till death.

Then, next, I could wish that these Knights simply knew,
That clearly the " double O " sound is in *U*,—
As in "*rule*" it is spoken ;—a point though so plain.
That it scarce needs more light from my light-giving strain.

Now, touching the Tail of this troublesome word ;—
"*It wagless must be, like the tail of a bird,*"
Cries one gallant Knight, Britannia's defender ;
Whereon I could wish that the Gods would but send her
A Knight better versed in true verbal affinity,
And with more of respect for our Greek and Latinity.

Wagless ! or Voiceless ! Then why should not *Acmè*
Be "*Ackem*" pronounced ? A vile thought to rack my
Sensitive nerves and compel my apology
To every student of English Philology.

Having thus with much wisdom disclosed on what *data*
I determine these questions of *verba vexata*,
'T is easy to see to pronounce their word truly,
These *preux chevaliers* should agree upon *TOOLEX*.

First Knight loquitur.

* *Montpelier*

His Trumpeter sounds a flourish.

Mr. Pundit, my ladies your mightily please,
By rightly and kindly protecting their *E' e's* ;
But the rest of your argument's feeble and vile,
For if *Thumos* makes *Thyme*, must not *Thulè* make *Tile* ?

Second Knight loquitur.

His Trumpeter sounds another flourish.

And if Thule becomes Tooley, then Thyme should be Thym-ey,
Or your reason's inferior far to your Rhym-ey.

Britannia Loquitur. Superbe'.

Sounds Lord Nelson's Trumpet and crushes the Pundit.

My Nelson was christened at victory's font,
By a title which some people call *Duke of Bront* :—
Would you, my good Pundit, have ventured, I wonder,
To call my great Hero, *My Lord Dook of Tunder* ?

An Oaten Pipe is heard playing a classic strain.

*The Schoolmaster being abroad in the neighbourhood and hearing a row
among the boys, thus addresses them :*

Young folks let me teach you analogy fails
In matters of language and custom prevails :
So tho' Thulè be Thulè, yet Thyme may be Thyme ;
And tho' Brontè be Brontè, yet Rhyme may be Rhyme.

Poor Pundit, you're hit on all sides, I may say ;
But comfort your grief with this saying of Gay,
" The men who in other men's frays interpose,
" Will oft have to wipe a sanguineous nose."

to be read

*Sir Caledon Gilder, a splendid Knight in Gold Armour, takes part in the
fray, and runs a-tilt wildly, trumpeting thus,—*

If dealing in concrete objective reality,
I fear that Britannia's bump of locality
For once is creative and includes 'neath her rule,
A region fictitious, the " Kingdom of Thule."

True " Mainland " of Scotland to the title laid claim,
But 'twas only in fancy and never by name,
And Borva, where Black has enthroned his King,
Is of Hebridò, eastward of Scotland's west wing.

We'll deem her in error and, not like her " Leader "
In greed territorial, that titular feeder,

Who thrusts before Europe his "Empress Bill Titles,"
Conservative gnawing conservative vitals.

But the ancients made Thulè the end of creation,
At a time when Scotch thrift had caused little sensation,
And Britannia, mayhap, to their mercantile keenness,
Would accord them the Ultima Thulè of meanness.

But I, as I turn o'er each page of this fiction,
Alight on such rare vivid scenic description,
That I think, of this art, we might not unduly
Pronounce Mr. Black the true King of Thulè.

Montreal

Chorus of all the contending parties.

We bid you fair welcome, most valorous Knight,
Who have ventured the breaking a lance in our fight,
Your intentions were good and so far you deserve
Our praise, which we give with this only reserve,
That as for your verses, we've analyzed them,
And,—simply, Sir Gilder, they're "*nihil ad rem*."

Edina

An Infantry Soldier appears on the scene.

*Pedes, attracted by the warlike sounds, comes boldly forward, and
thus announces himself a combatant.*

Oh! worthy Knights who high on horses ride,
I also in this fray would take a side;
I am no Knight, as my name doth imply
On my own *understanding* I rely.
The name of Thulè given in times remote,
Doth signify the house of Johnny Groat,
A worthy Scot from whom I claim descent;
(The Scots full valiant are in argument);—
Now though in Scotland 'tis the constant rule
Not to pronounce the final *e* in *schule*,
Or *yule*, or *fule*, or any such like word,
In Thulè the last *e* is always heard.
'Tis known by those who prize old classic lore.
This name is used by one who wrote of yore.
And if you will but read his work sublime,
With Thulè only can you make a rhyme.

Therefore 'tis Thulé that alore is right.
Though Thûle may be defended by a Knight :
And such I will maintain 'gainst any score,
Come they before me on two legs or four.

Lucas.

A Benedictine Friar

*Startled from hys bookes, looketh out from a windowe harde by,
and thus discourseth.*

Dilecti fratres, benedicite.

What means this preparation for a fray ?
These Knights in armour dight, with eyes aflame,
Girt for the onset ?—And this armed dame
Wielding the glorious trident which of yore
Old Neptune gave to guard our native shore :
—A Pundit, too,—a wise and genial talker,—
A Pedes,—or in other words a Walker,—
And, last, a Pædagogues ;—What is the row ?
Tell me, good people, what's the matter now ?

Thulè or Thule. You tell me this alone is
Fons et origo disputationis ;—
The cause of strife and subject of dispute
Lie in this word,—and whether we should view 't
As made up of one syllable or two ?
Hence all this clang of arms, and wild halloo,
Hence the air is darkens, thunders roll, the ground
Quakes with a dull premonitory sound,
And fierce Bellona, from her dreadful car,
' Cries havoc and lets slip the dogs of war !

Thulè or Thule. When Pythias of Marseilles
(A traveller fond of telling wondrous tales)
Wrote of the far-famed Island in the north,
The' extremest limit of the peopled earth,—
He called it Thulè : so, before his days,
Wrote the Cyrenian Eratosthenes ;
So also Ptolemy the' Egyptian,
Procopius, another learned man,
And other Hellenists of ages gone,
All named in Facciolati's Lexicon.
Then for the Latins,—come now, tell me truly,
How can you make it otherwise than Thulè,

When in old Maro's Georgicon divine
We find it as a spondee close the line ?
And so with every other Roman poet
Adduced by Fatchy,—his quotations shew it.
On classic grounds then surely all agree
The true pronunciation is Thulé,
Or better, if Erasmus we obey
Rather than Reuchlin, then we have Thuley.

But here Britannia's Knight remarks again,
' The word is Celtic, and should so remain.'
But how may this be proven ?—Whence inferred ?
What Celtic author uses such a word ?
Is there a vocable in prose or verse
Like Thule, in Breton, Gaelic, or in Erse ?
I know of none. I've wandered to and fro,
With Celts held frequent commune, and must go
Still unconvinced. Let him the fact declare,
If such there be :—I find none anywhere.

How came the word in use ? Where all is dark,
Permit me here to hazard the remark,
That in the language of the ancient Finns,
Whose history terminates where ours begins,
Tuli means ' Fire.' In old primeval days,
Sailing far north, perhaps the sudden blaze
Of Hecla flashed upon their wondering sight
And tinged the sky with red volcanic light.
And thus the weird mysterious island's name
Haply from these rude navigators came.
And so,—a mere conjecture,—pardon me,—
I finish with a Finnish theory.

Brothers farewell. I hear the vesper bell
That summons me to—Where I need not tell.
God ye good den. Sit Dominus tutamen.
Laus Deo semper in excelsis. Amen.

E. Z. F. Lamb

The Queen of Beauty speaks and makes her award.

Now stop the strife ;—let no more bones be broken,
The contest's ended when the Church hath spoken ;
Her word is law ;—for truth hath ever graced it,—
And victory's crown must rest where She hath placed it.

Yet a fair wreath shall grace the Celtic Knight,
 Who against fearful odds maintained the fight,
 And proved at least, Britannia *may* be right.
 Cease then to deal each other stalwart blows ;—
 Wipe, learned Pundit, thy sanguineous nose :—
 Sir Gilder, if in verse you tilt again,
Do strive to put more purpose in your strain :
 And, Pedes, learn that Virgil's work sublime
 Which you appeal to,—was *not* writ in *Rhyme*.
 And now let every angry feeling cease,
 Join hand in hand and kindly part in peace.
 I grieve the learned Friar could not wait,
 Lest he for Vespers should perhaps be late ;—
 But I perceive without him we are *eight* ;
 And were he here, that holy man would tell us,
 “ Nunc pede libero est pulsanda tellus.”
 Sound trumpets once again,—*this time* “ the Lancers ;”
 Britannia and myself will both be dancers.
 And when that's done, I hold t'would not be bad,
 We sought our homesteads in a Galopade !
 But first,—march past my throne, and as you pass,
 Salute me in the words of Hudibras !

They march past, saluting the Queen with

“ Madam, we do, as is our duty,
 “ Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie,”
 And bow before the Queen of Beauty.

They dance the Lancers.—For want of Ladies the Pundit and Schoolmaster pair together,—and Pedes walks the figures with Sir Caledon. As they finally go off in the Gallop, the Friar looks at them from the window of his cell, and says : “ BEATI PACIFICATORES. AMEN.”

Wk. 10/10/11



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er award.

es be broken,
 hath spoken ;
 r graced it,—
 She hath placed it.